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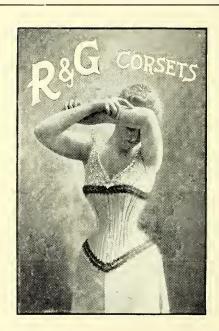
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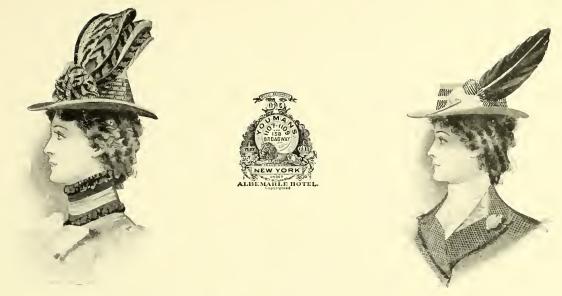
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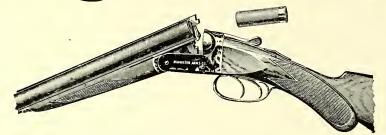
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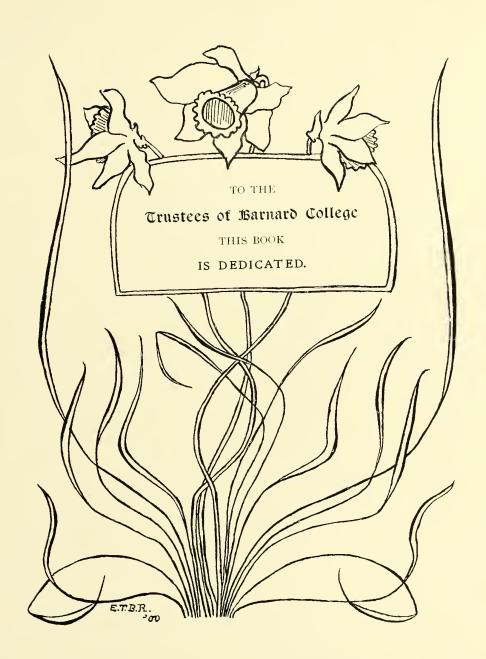


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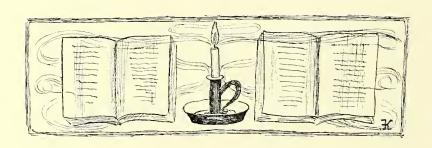
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As a frontispiece to the book they present the portrait of Mr. George A. Plimpton, the Treasurer of the Board, whose energy and efficiency in the welfare of Barnard is too well-known to need comment.

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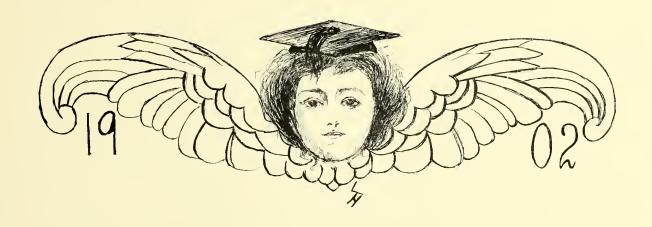
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Amy Loveman .					New York City
Christina Louise McKim					Yonkers, N. Y.
Ruth Kirker Macbride					New York City
Margaret Eva Marshall					Stamford, Conn.
Bessie May Osborne					Yonkers, N. Y.
Meta Pollak					Summit, N. J.
Harriette Louise Pratt					New Milford, Pa.
Edith Cushing Richardson					Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elizabeth Carpenter Robert	S				Flushing, N. Y.

Florence Lucas Sanville				New York City
Sarah Edwards Schuyler .				Plainfield, N. J.
Jannette Gordon Studdiford				East Orange, N. J.
Marian Goodale Townsend				New York City
Alma Frank Wallack .				New York City
May Godfrey Wendell .				Bridgeport, Conn.
Cordelia Wendt .				Larchmont, N. Y.
Catharine Elizabeth Whitney				New York City
Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske .				Honorary Member



# Freshman Class

' Αλήθεια

Class Flower,				. Marguerite
Class Color, .		•		WHITE AND GOLD

## Officers

President,					. Mary Dederick Hall
Vicc-President, .			•		. Elizabeth Allen
Corresponding Secretary,					. Eva Olive Dutcher
Recording Secretary,		•			Margaret Elizabeth Clark
Treasurer,					May Merrill
Historian,					. Edna Cora Chapin

## Members

Elizabeth Allen .				Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elsa Alsberg,				New York City
Carolyn Becker .				Margaretville, N. Y.
Frances Elinor Belcher .				Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Edith Boote				Yonkers, N. Y.
Bertha Brown				Flushing, N. Y.
Mary Hunt Budd .				Chester, N. Y.
Edna Maud Campbell .				Scarsdale, N. Y.
Adele Carll				Flushing, N. Y.
Edna Cora Chapin .				Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Margaret Elizabeth Clark				America Union, N. Y.
Elizabeth Cadmus Coddingt				Passaic, N. J.
Grace Lucille De Hart				Jersey City, N. J.
Rebecca Stanton Donald .				New York City
Edith Durant				New York City
Eva Olive Dutcher .				Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ruth Earle				New York City
Margaret Grote Elliman .				New York City
Mary Dederick Hall .				Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Eleanore Harrison Hunt .				West Orange, N. J.
Edith Mary Ingalls .				New Rochelle, N. Y.
Olive Catharine Kellogg .				New York City
Viola Louise Kimball				Greenwich, Conn.
Annie Pickrell McKenney				Richmond, Va.
May Merrill				Minneapolis, Minn.
Martha Wickham Moore .				Passaic, N. J.
Ada Blanche Clouse Neiswe	ender			Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ethel Leone Newman .				Riverside, Conn.
Flossy May Oppenheim				Albany, N. Y.
Grace Malvina Peters .				Brooklyn, N. Y.
Eleanor Phelps .				New York City

Bella Rosenblatt .					New York City
Alma Rosenstein .					New York City
Muriel Sait .					Toronto, Canada
Jeanette Rowland Seiber	t				Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mary Carolyn Shaen					Yonkers, N. Y.
Mary Elizabeth Stoll.					New York City
Elsie Floyd Totten					New York City
Eleanor Van Cott .					New York City
Marie Louise Wehncke					Staten Island, N. Y.
Una Adele Winterburn					Edgewater, N. J.
Margaret Wright Worth					Cresskill, N. Y.
Helen Maria Wright .					Brooklyn, N. Y.

# Graduate Department

Grace Andrews, B.S., Wellesley College			New York City
Agnes Baldwin, A.B., Columbia University			Newark, N. J.
Abbey Barstow Bates, A.B., Boston University .			•
A.M., Boston University .			New York City
Frances Agnes Beckwith, A.B., Vassar College .			New York City
Clara de Lissa Berg, A.B., Columbia University .			New York City
Ellen Bradbury, A.B., Smith College			New York City
Winifred Mary Bristol, B.S., Cornell University .			New York City
Marianna Catherine Brown, A.B., Vassar College .			New York City
Eleanor Olivia Brownell, A.B., Bryn Mawr College .			New York City
Ella Fitzgerald Bryson, A.B., Columbia University			New York City
Martha Bunting, Ph.D., Bryn Mawr College			New York City
Clara Maria Burt, B.S., Wellesley College			Plainfield, N. J.
Elsie Worthington Clews, A.B., Columbia University .			· ·
A.M., Columbia University			New York City
Katharine More Cochran, A.B., Vassar College .			New York City
Emily Matilda Coddington, A.B., London University			
A.M., Columbia University	7		New York City
Lydia Sarah Cody, A.B., Boston University .			New York City
Florence Colgate, A.B., Columbia University			New York City
Grace Lathrop Collin, B.L., Smith College .			Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ada Louise Comstock, B.L., Smith College			New York City
Helen Lillie Cram, A.B., University of Vermont .			New York City
Helen Gertrude Davis, A.B., Vassar College			Montclair, N. J.
Josie Anna Davis, A.B., Boston University .			New York City
Caroline Bell Dow, A.B., Vassar College			New York City
Louise Brisbin Dunn, A.B., Columbia University .			New York City
Charles H. Ellard, A.B., Columbia University			New York City
Julia Hutchins Farwell, A.B., Columbia University			New York City
Lillian Henrietta Fishel, B.S., Wellesley College			New York City

Susan Foote, B.L., Smith College			New York City
Caroline Ellen Furness, A.B., Vassar College			New York City
Eleanor Anne Fyfe-Andrews, A.M., University of Penn.			New York City
Julliette Golay, A.B., Vassar College			New York City
Rose Bertha Gruening, A.B., Vassar College .			New York City
Carrie Hammerslough, A.B., Columbia University .			
A.M., Columbia University			New York City
Mabel Wood Hill, B.L., Smith College			New York City
Gertrude Mary Hirst, A.B., Cambridge			Tarrytown, N. Y.
Jessie Wallace Hughan, A.B., Columbia University .			Brooklyn, N. Y.
Edythe Josephine Hulbert, A.B., Vassar College .			
A.M., Columbia University			New York City
Mabel Hurd, B.L., Smith College			New York City
Florence Jackson, B.S., Smith College			Englewood, N. J.
Alice Maplesden Keys, A.B., Columbia University			
A.M., Columbia University .			New York City
Lily Logan, A.B., Tulane University			Richmond, Va.
Caroline Tilden Mitchell, B.L., Smith College			New York City
Susan Isabella Myers, A.B., Columbia University .			New York City
Elizabeth Nammack, A.B., Columbia University .			
A.M., Columbia University .			New York City
Susan Hawley Olmstead, B.L., University of Minnesota			New York City
Alice Jane Gray Perkins, A.B., Columbia University			New York City
Anna Louise Perkins, A.B., Vassar College			New York City
Gertrude Emily Perkins, A.B., St. Lawrence University		•	New York City
Sarah Jay Phillips, A.B., Vassar College			New York City
Sarah Fairchild Platt, A.B., Vassar College .			Englewood, N. J.
Ruth Wadsworth Porter, A.B., Bryn Mawr College .			New York City
Ellen Pyle, A.B., Swarthmore College			New York City
Elizabeth Fisher Read, B.L., Smith College			Brooklyn, N. Y.
Louise Shaw, A.B., Columbia University			Hackensack, N. J.
Mary K. Simkhovitch, A.B., Boston University .			New York City
Evelina Carroll Simon, A.B., Woman's College .			New York City

Ora Winona Louise Slater, A.B., Wellesley College			Montclair, N. J.
Ettie Stettheimer, A.B., Columbia University .			
A.M., Columbia University .			New York City
Aline Croquet Stratford, A.B., Columbia University			Brooklyn, N. Y.
Anne Porter Sumner, A.B., Columbia University			New York City
Celeste Castalia Swenson, A.B., Columbia University			New York City
Flora Chapman Torrance, Ph.B., Cornell University			
Ph.M., Cornell University			New York City
Ruth Annette Warren, A.B., Smith College .			New York City
Ada Watterson, A.B., Columbia University .			New York City
Maude Wilcox, A.B., Columbia University .			
A.M., Columbia University .			New Rochelle, N. Y.
Elizabeth Williams, B.S., Smith College .			
A.M., Columbia University .			New York Ciry
Grace Sarah Williams, A.B., Knox College			New York City
Harriet Winfield, A.B., Wellesley College			
A.M., Columbia University .			New York City
Gertrude Wolff, A.B., Columbia University .			New York City
Alice Wood, B.S., Wellesley College			New York City
Elizabeth Corinne Wood, A.B., Allegheny College			New York City
Marianna Woodhull, A.B., Smith College .			New York City

# Special Students.

Agnes Leonard Bennett	, N. J.
Irma Olga Boskowitz New York (	City
Anna Townsend Bridgman New York (	City
Valentine Laura Chandor Plainfield, N	ī. J.
Aurelia Blair Crane	I. Y.
Mrs. William Einstein New York (	City
Savilla Alice Elkus New York (	City
Mrs. Carrie H. B. Fielitz New York (	City
Eleanor Marguerite Greacen New York O	City
Edyth Guggenheim New York (	City
Franklin Grant Hills Brooklyn, N	I. Y.
May Anthony Hussey New York (	City
Gertrude Hyman New York (	City
Alice Maria Isaacs New York (	City
Sarah Elizabeth Judson New York (	City
Louise Karger New York (	City
Esther Keagey New York (	City
Eda Flora Kunz New York (	City
Emilie Olivia Long New York (	City
Susan Adele Lathrop New York (	City
Harriet Adelaide Luddington New York (	City
Mary Atkinson McLaughlin Metuchen, I	N. J.
Frances Elbertine McRae New York (	City
Marion Newcomb New York (	City
Margaret Lewis Morgan Norrie New York (	City
Miriam Sutro Price New York (	City
Cora Arnot Scott New York (	City
Aidine Squire Seattle, Was	sh.
Minnie Straus New York (	City
Amy Treadwell New York (	City
Muriel Wheeler Willard New York (	City
Carrie Wise New York	City

## Students in Music.

Mrs. Stella Hadden Ale	xan	der						New York City
Kathryn Lewis Aller								Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Lily Althaus .								New York City
Isabel Starr Babcock								Nyack, N. Y.
Mary Livingston Chase								Scarsdale, N. Y.
Keith Clark .								New York City
May Rebecca Cromwell								New York City
Alice Davis .								New York City
Mary Angela Diller								Brooklyn, N. Y.
Clara Aimee Gottschalk								New York City
Mrs. Anne Van Winkle								New York City
Mattie Belle Haydon								New York City
Evelyn Henry .								New York City
Carolyn Sweet Holmes								Montclair, N. J.
Karline Holmquist								New York City
Bettina Kahnweiler								New York City
Cora Lane .								New York City
Fanny Granberry Levy								Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Mary Langsdorff Littig								New York City
Jeanet E. Loomis .								New York City
Caroline Maben								New York City
Elizabeth Mary Matthe	WS							New York City
Nina Mitchell .								Flushing, N. Y.
Lily Remington Olmste								New York City

Jeanette Steele Porter .							New York City
Virginia May Porter							New York City
Mrs. Ida Edith Reiman							New York City
Mrs. Berenice Thompson							Brooklyn, N. Y
Jean Williams Underhill							New York City
Helen Van Ingen .							Brooklyn, N. Y
Helene Weil							New York City
Julia Halsey Whitehead							New York City
Emily Long Wiggins .							New York City

## The Associate Alumnae of Barnard College

President,						Mrs. Frank G. Bryson
Vice-President,						. Anna Cole Mellick
Recording Secretary, .						. Mabel Parsons
Corresponding Secretary, .						. Susan Isabella Myers
Treasurer,						Mary Stuart Pullman

## Executive Committee

Mrs. Frank G. Bryson	Louise Brisbin Dunn
Anna Cole Mellick	Mrs. James W. Finch
Susan Isabella Myers	Alice Maplesden Keys
Mary Stuart Pullman	Clara Mercedes Knight

#### Conference Committee

Mabel Parsons	Mrs. Frank G. Bryson
---------------	----------------------

Jean Willard Tatlock

#### Linance Committee

Mary Stuart Pullman Mrs. Frank G. Bryson

Caroline Garner Brombacher

#### Students' Aid Committee

Jean Willard TatlockAdaline Caswell WheelockAlice Maplesden KeysClara de Lissa Berg

Alice Jane Gray Perkins

# Undergraduate Association of Barnard College.

#### Founded April 7, 1892.

President .			Adelaide Camilla Hoffman, '99
Vice-President			. Alice Duer, '99
Secretary.			Florence Leslie Kyte, '00
Treasurer .			Pauline Hamilton Dederer, '01

#### Executive Committee.

Alté Stilwell, '99	Madalene Heroy, '01
Katharine Van Horne, '00	Grace Malvina Peters, '02

## Self-Government Committee

Chairman	Adelaide Camilla Hoffman, ex officio
Amelia Wohlfarth, '99	Harriet Elizabeth Cutting, '01
Hilda Newborg, '00	Eleanor Phelps, '02

## Press Committee

Aurelie Marie Reynaud, '99	Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, '01
Julie Wurzburger, '00	Eva Olive Dutcher, '02

## Conference Committee

George Mary Drew, '99	Mary Lavinia Eaton, '01
Julia Cooper Watkins, '00	Annie Pickrell McKenney, '02

## The Barnard College Chapter of the College Settlement Association

Founded 1895

#### Officers

#### Graduate Elector

Elsie Worthington Clews, '96

#### Undergraduate Elector

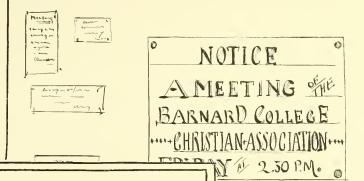
Florence Theodora Baldwin, '00

#### Sub=Electors

Ella Rosina Seligsberg, '99 Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley, '00 Harriet Elizabeth Cutting, '01

#### Recording Secretary

Alté Stilwell, '99



# Barnard College Christian Association

Founded October, 1897.

## Officers

President				Katharine Van Horne
Vice-President .				Florence Lippincott
Recording Secretary .				Grace Malvina Peters
Corresponding Secretary				Amelia Wohlfarth
Treasurer				Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley

## Committees

	Missi	onary	Comm	uttee
Chairman				Evelyn Osborne, '00
	Devot	ional	Comm	ittee
Chairman		•		Aidine Squire, '01
	Philant	bropi	c Com	mittee
Chairman				Mary Morrell Brackett, '99

# Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity

Founded October, 1870

## Roll of Chapters

Drong Albina							. University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
BETA ALPHA .							
				•			Wooster University, Wooster, O.
Beta Delta .	•				•		. University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Beta Epsilon							. Barnard College, New York, N. Y.
Beta Zeta .							Iowa State University, Iowa City, Ia.
Вета Ета .							Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
Вета Іота .							Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Beta Nu .							. Ohio State University, Columbus, O.
BETA TAU .							. Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
GAMMA RHO							. Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.
DELTA							
Epsilon .							
ETA							. University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
							. Missouri State University, Columbus, Mo.
IOTA							. De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.
							. Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich.
							Buchtel College, Akron, O.
Mu .							. Butler College, Irvington, Ind.
							Adrian College, Adrian, Mich.
PI.							. University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
							. Nebraska State University, Lincoln, Neb.
Upsison .		•		•			
Ри			•		•		Boston University, Boston, Mass.
CHI .						•	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.
Psi							. Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
OMEGA .							. Kansas State University, Lawrence, Kan.



Dicka Phila,



## Beta Epsilon Chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity

Founded January, 1891

#### Members

Louise Brisbin Dunn, '97
Maude Wilcox, '97
Cerise Emily Agnes Carman, '99
Alice Duer, '99
Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, '99
Marjorie Jacobi, '99
Agnes Crawford Leaycraft, '99
Alté Stilwell, '99
Edith Parker Striker, '99
Helen Cole, '00

Mary Loockerman Goldsborough, '00
Florence Leslie Kyte, '00
Evelyn Osborne, '00
Lisa Delavan Bloodgood, '01
Mary Lavinia Eaton, '01
Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, '01
Madalene Heroy, '01
Jannetta Gordon Studdiford, '01
Mary Hunt Budd, 02
May Merrill, '02

# The Alpha Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi Fraternity

Founded 1897

Mary Morrell Brackett, '99
Agnes Lillian Dickson, '99
George Mary Drew, '99
Katharine Van Horne, '00
Julia Cooper Watkins, '00
Edythe Josephine Hulbert, Graduate
Mrs. A. A. Anderson, *Honorary Member* 





# Kappa Alpha Cheta Fraternity

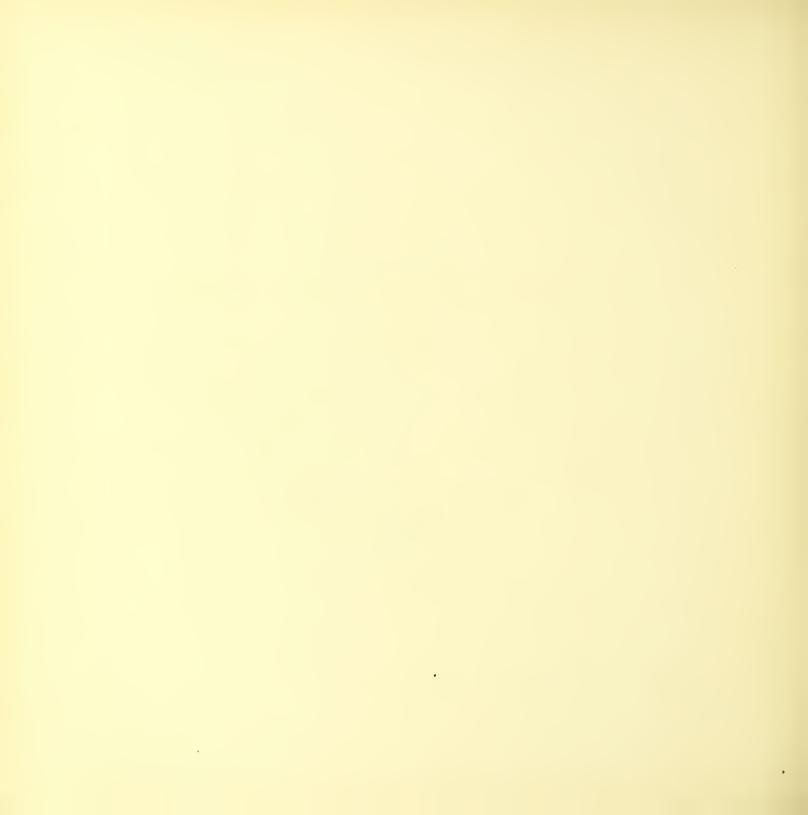
Founded January, 1870

## Roll of Chapters

IOTA, Cornell University								Ithaca, N. Y.
LAMBDA, University of Vermont					,			Burlington, Vt.
Mu, Allegheny College								Meadville, Pa.
Сні, Syracuse University .								Syracuse, N. Y.
Alpha Beta, Swarthmore College	)							Swarthmore, Pa.
Alpнa Delta, Woman's College o	of I	3alti	moi	·e				Baltimore, Md.
ALPHA EPSILON, Brown University	7							Providence, R. I.
Alpha Zeta, Barnard College								New York, N. Y.
GAMMA ALUMNÆ	,							New York, N. Y.
ETA ALUMNE								Burlington, Vt.
THETA ALUMNÆ								Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha, De Pauw University .								Greencastle, Ind.
BETA, Indiana State University .	,							Bloomington, Ind
DELTA, University of Illinois .								Champaigne, Ill.
Epsilon, Wooster University .								Wooster, Ohio
ETA, University of Michigan .								Ann Arbor, Mich
KAPPA, University of Kansas .								Lawrence, Kansas
Nu, Hanover College								Hanover, Ind.
PI, Albion College								Albion, Mich.
Rнo, University of Nebraska .								Lincoln, Neb.

TAU, Northwestern University .					Evanston, Ill.
UPSILON, University of Minnesota					Minneapolis, Minn.
PSI, University of Wisconsin .					Madison, Wis.
ALPHA GAMMA, Ohio State University	V				Columbus, Ohio
Alpha Alumne					Greencastle, Ind.
Beta Alumnæ					Minneapolis, Minn.
Delta Alumnæ					Chicago, Ill.
Epsilon Alumnæ					Columbus, Ohio
ZETA ALUMNÆ					Indianapolis, Ind.
PHI, Stanford University .					Palo Alto, Cal.
OMEGA, University of California .					Oakland, Cal.





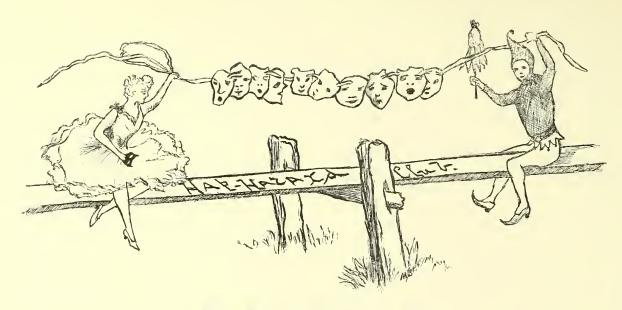
## Alpha Zeta Chapter of Kappa Alpha Cheta Fraternity

Founded March, 1898

#### Members

Ellen Pyle, Graduate Ada Watterson, Graduate Ida May Demarest, '99 Adelaide Camilla Hoffman, '99 Ruth Cecilia Overton, '99 Aurélie M. Reynaud, '99 Florence Lippincott, '00
Florence Miller Sill, '00
Elsa Gubner Bergen, '01
Harriette Louise Pratt, '01
Frances Belcher, '02
Edith Durant, '02

Mary Dederick Hall, '02 Annie Pickerell McKenny, '02



# Hap Hazard Dramatic Club

Founded February, 1891

President				Adelaid Camilla Hoffman, '99
Secretary and	Treasur	C1'		Mary Morrell Brackett, '69

## Members

Martha Ornstein
Evelyn Osborne
Ruth Cecilia Overton
Ellinor Ten Broeck Reilev
Aurélie Marie Reynaud
Sarah Edwards Schuyler
Cecile Heller Schwed
Florence Miller Sill
Anna Mabel Smith
Julia Cooper Watkins
Julie Wurzburger

Mary Caldwell Woodhull



## The Greek Club

Founded November 14, 1894

Proëdros . . . Ella Rosina Seligsberg, '99

## Members

Ella Rosina Seligsberg, '99 Mary Elizabeth Waddington, '99 Florence Theodora Baldwin, '00

Florence Lippincott, '00

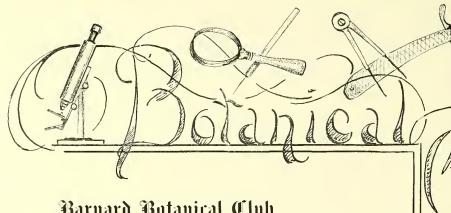
Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley, '00

## Honorary Members

Emily James Smith, Dean

Mortimer Lamson Earle, Ph. D.

Edward Delavan Perry, Ph. D.



## Barnard Botanical Club

President,			Alice Maria Isaacs
First Vice-President,			Marion Satterlee
Second Vice-President,			Mrs. M. M. Crabbe
Secretary,			Bertha McLane Dow
Treasurer,			Mrs. A. B. Hepburn

#### Board of Directors

Mrs. Smith Ely Jelliffe Ada Watterson Susan B. Cook

Louise Brisbin Dunn Anna Dean Granger Mrs. Le Brun

#### Members

Katharine C. Burnett Laura Billings Mrs. S. L. Clark Aurelia Blair Crane Mrs. John S. Elv Harriet Elder Emilie Fries Bertha M. Furman Mrs. H. S. Gibson Elsie Kupfer Harriet Lake

Mrs. Lewis Emilie Olivia Long Elizabeth Nammack Mrs. Herbert Pettit Mary Parsons Herbert Maule Richards Helen Smythe L. K. Seward Kate B. Sturgis Kate Thompson

Alexandrina Taylor

Lucia B. Tunis

#### Honorary Members

Emily James Smith, Dean Elizabeth Billings Mrs. Nathaniel S. Britton

## The Woman's Graduate Club of Columbia University

Founded December 5, 1895.

President..Mabel HurdVice-President..Louise Brisbin DunnSecretary..Maude WilcoxTreasurer..Grace Andrews

#### Executive Committee

Eleanor Olivia Brownell Elsie Worthington Clews Lily Logan Susan Hawley Olmstead

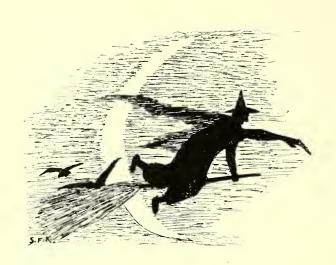
Aline Croquet Stratford

#### Members

Grace Andrews Agnes Baldwin Abbey Barstow Bates Frances Agnes Beckwith Clara de Lissa Berg Eleanor Olivia Brownell Ella Fitzgerald Bryson Martha Bunting Elsie Worthington Clews Emily Matilda Coddington Grace Lathrop Collin Ada Louise Comstock Helen Lillie Cram Josie Anna Davis Caroline Bell Dow Louise Brisbin Dunn Charles H. Ellard Julia Hutchins Farwell

Susan Foote Caroline Ellen Furness Eleanor Anne Fyfe-Andrews Carrie Hammerslough Jessie Wallace Hughan Edythe Josephine Hulbert Mabel Hurd Mabel Wood Hill Alice Maplesden Keys Lily Logan Caroline Tilden Mitchell Susan Isabella Myers Elizabeth Nammack Susan Hawley Olmstead Alice Jane Gray Perkins Gertrude Emily Perkins Anna Louise Perkins Sarah Fairchild Platt

Sarah Jay Phillips Ellen Pyle Elizabeth Fisher Read Louise Shaw Evelina Carroll Simon Ettie Stettheimer Aline Croquet Stratford Celeste Caslalia Swenson Flora Chapman Torrance Ruth Annette Warren Ada Watterson Maude Wilcox Grace Sarah Williams Alice Wood Gertrude Wolff Marianna Woodhull Florence Colgate Katharine More Cochran



## The Society for the Prevention of Gloom

founded November, 1896

Florence Theodora Baldwin
Helen Cole
Mary Loockerman Goldsborough
Stella Frances Kingsbury
Florence Leslie Kyte
Florence Lippincott

Florence Oppenheimer Martha Ornstein Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley Florence Miller Sill Katharine Van Horne Julie Wurzburger

## Barnard Chorns

Lounded November, 1897

#### Officers

President . . . . Mary Loockerman Goldsborough, '00

Secretary . . . . . Mary Dederick Hall, '02

Treasurer . . . . . . . Margaret Elizabeth Clark, '02

Librarian . . . . . . . . Edna Cora Chapin, '02

## Members

Elsa Alsberg Mary Dederick Hall

Edith Berry Wilma Pollak

Margaret Elizabeth Clark Bella Rosenblatt

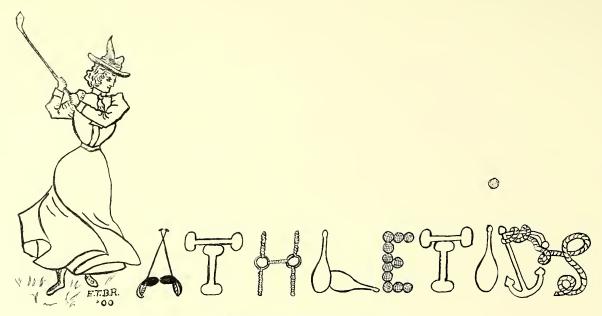
Edna Cora Chapin Florence Lucas Sanville

Eva Olive Dutcher Jeanette Rowland Seibert

Mabel Elting Mary Carolyn Shaen

Mary Loockerman Goldsborough Una Adele Winterburn

Amelia Wohlfarth



## Basket-Ball Club

Founded 1898.

#### Officers

President, .			Florence Theodora Baldwin, 'oo	Э
Vice-President,			. Pauline Hamilton Dederer, 'o	I
Sceretary, .			Stella Frances Kingsbury, 'oo	С
Treasurer,			. Evelyn Osborne, 'oo	О

## Ccam

Cordelia Wendt, '01, Captain

Cordelia Wendt, '01
Stella Frances Kingsbury, '00

Forwards

Mary Hunt Budd, '02, Center

Florence Lucas Sanville, '01
Florence Theodora Baldwin, '00

Guards

#### Substitutes

Pauline Hamilton Dederer, '01 Elsa Alsberg, '02 Ruth Earle, '02

## The Barnard Dancing Class

Fonnded 1897

#### Committee

Ruth Cecilia Overton

Aurélie M. Reynaud

#### Undergraduate Members

Ida May Demarest Elsa Gubner Bergen

Agnes Lillian Dickson Harriet Elizabeth Cutting
Adelaide Camilla Hoffman Christina Louise McKim
Ruth Cecilia Overton Harriette Louise Pratt

Aurélie M. Reynaud Sarah Edwards Schuyler

Mary Loockerman Goldsborough Frances Elinor Belcher

Florence Lippincott Edith Durant

Evelyn Osborne Mary Dederick Hall

Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley May Merrill

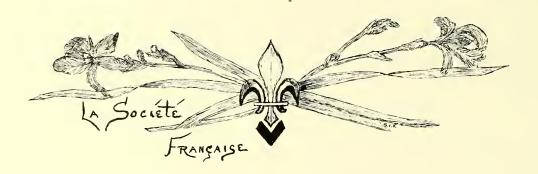
Florence Miller Sill Annie Pickrell MacKenney

Katharine Van Horne Eleanor Phelps

#### Graduate Members

Lily Logan Bertha Steele Van Riper

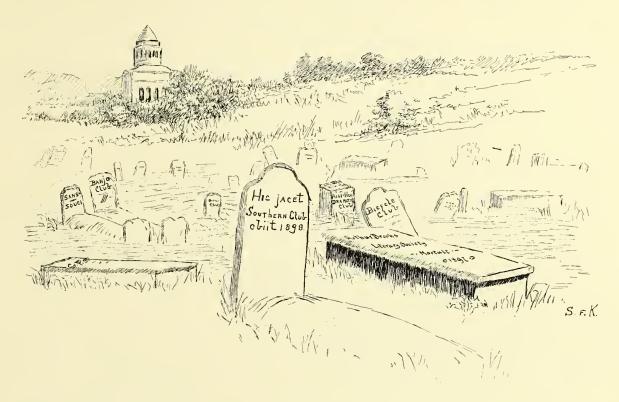
Ada Watterson



## Members

Elizabeth Aitken Edith Cushing Richardson Martha Bunting Muriel Sait Caroline Ellen Furness Christine Seward Alice M. Gill Jeanette Rowland Seibert Jeannette Bliss Gillespy Jannetta Gordon Studdiford Stella Frances Kingsbury Aidene Squire Marian Newcomb Katharine Van Horne Hilda Newborg Susan Grimes Walker Grace Malvina Peters Julia Cooper Watkins Ellen Pyle Marie Louise Wehncke Grace Isabelle Pollard Cordelia Wendt Grace Sarah Williams Ellinor Ten Broeck Reiley

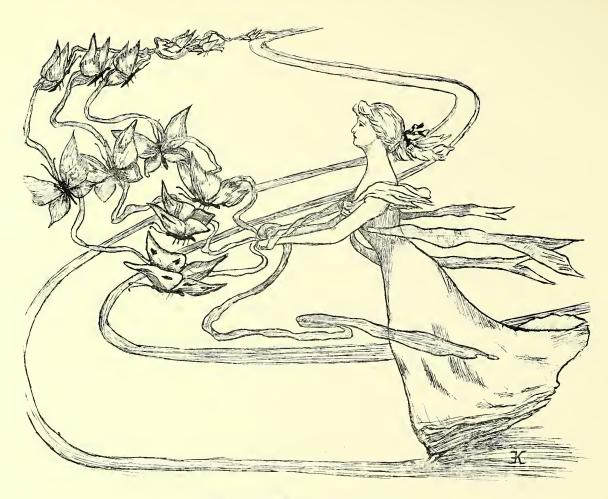
Mary Caldwell Woodhull



THE Mortarboard has, with its usual thoughtfulness, selected for certain defunct societies of Barnard a pleasant site for a cemetery, a sketch of which it submits to the public. Here in undisturbed repose, shaded by weeping willows, may lie the Southern Club, the Arthur Brooks Literary Society, Sans-Souci, "Aìai'=Huí," the Tennis Club, the Bicycle Club, the Banjo Club, and that aged Methuselah, the "G. P. S."

"Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise."

THE EDITORS.



# Junior Ball Committee

Mary Loockerman Goldsborough, *Chairman* Helen Cole

Evelyn Osborne

Florence Miller Sill

Sara Straus

Florence Leslie Kyte, ex officio

## Dedicatorn

—HORACE, Epistle XX.

(Adapted)

In hands of trustees, in professors' hands Thou wishest to be, my little book; *Mortarboard* room is too small for thee, Thou would'st a wider oulook. Onward then go, whither thou wilt,

Yet heed the warning precepts I bestow:

When a scornful damsel casts thee in a far corner; When thou art slighted by an august critic; When later *Mortarboard* generations leave thee no space; Then wilt thou believe my truth foretold:

Beloved wilt thou be in Barnard halls
The first few weeks, when bright thy letters shine;
But when many a weary hand has turned thee o'er
And the gold on thy edges is dull,
In a corner wilt thou be thrown
Haply a feast for Barnard mice,
Or down in the lower regions wilt thou lie,
All bundled up, forgot by all.

But someone, perchance, in years to come,

May open thy leaves,

Whom a strange curiosity urges.

Him mayest thou tell that thou wert made

By a rare good class,

Not over studious,

But in mirth and fun excelling all.

Tell him it consisted of Juniors twenty-four,

All friends with one another, by nothing sundered,

And if he also ask of thee its name,

Say: Eager in work as in sport was "Barnard Nineteen Hundred."

M. O.

## WE ARE SEVEN

A simple maid
That lighty looks at life,
What should she know of business staid
Or editorial strife?

I met a Barnard College girl, Of the Junior Class, she said; Her mortarboard had a merry twirl As it rested on her head.

She had a happy, careless air,
And she was very glad.
She was working on the annual there.
Her levity made me sad.

- "Mortarboard Editors, Barnard Maid, How many may you be?"
- "How many? Seven in all," she said, And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? 1 pray you say."
She answered, "Seven in all.
But two have gone to a matinée,
And two play basket-ball.

Two of us grind in the Library
At a tardy argument,
And in the Mortarboard office I
Do work in calm content."

"You say that two to the Library, And two to the theatre go, Yet ye are seven!—I fail to see, Sweet maid, how this is so" Then did the Barnard maid reply,
"Seven editors are we;
But two play basket-ball, and I
Am working as you see."

- "You're working here, O Barnard maid, You're working here alone. If six have other calls obeyed, Then ye are only one."
- "They will be here, you need not fear,"
  The Barnard maid replied.
- "It is our way, we always play Till some great woe betide.

To the theatre oft I also go,
To dances, too, and teas,
Or, if I find these pleasures slow,
Amuse me as I please.

And often after sun-set, Sir,
Beside the warm lamp light,
We take our books or pens in hand,
And sit up half the night.

'Tis thus we get our work all done, And have our pleasures, too, And so, by mixing toil with fun, Refrain from turning blue."

"Now, fate forfend! I see the end
Of your poor Mortarboard,
And of you, too, if you pursue
So wild a course!" I roared.

"You all are naught, you all are naught
But Naughty-Naughts!" Good Heaven!
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The Barnard maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

E. T. B. R.



BOARD OF EDITORS

## EDITORIALS.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

DO not take us too seriously, good Public. Remember, we beg of you, that this book represents to you but one side of our college life, the more superficial, the jovial, perhaps at times the silly side. You would not have us always draped in gravity like a mourning garment; would you? Do you not honestly think that we need all the mirth we can muster to "counter-balance the sad realities of life?" Nineteen Hundred thinks so and is firmly convinced that,

"Care to our coffins adds a nail no doubt; But every grin so merry draws one out."



WHILE the college student is tramping along the broad highway of Learning up the hill of Higher Education, he is apt entirely to forget the Philistine, who started with him, but by force of circumstances, has had to turn his steps aside into devious by-paths leading to the more common and homely interests of men. However, in so doing, this same Philistine has not passed completely out of the compass of Life, but, on the contrary, has become more intimately connected with the every day lives men lead. In foregoing the right of placing the initial letters of the alphabet after his name, he has not lost his identity nor place among the ranks of men, as his more favored brother may imagine.

Too often is the college student found stumbling along a little road of his own making, in a rut so deep he can scarcely see over its ridges to detect his mistake and realize that he is below and not upon the common highway.

There are other buildings in the city besides the University Halls, other books printed besides those found on the Library shelves, other men besides those seated in the instructors' chairs, and twenty-four letters in the alphabet besides B and A.

THE athletic movement at Barnard was begun in February, 1898, by the founding of the Basket Ball Club, the pioneer organization of its kind at the College.

During its first season the work of the club was obliged to be of the "scrub" variety, but, humble as it was it did much to awaken interest, and developed an encouraging amount of good material. At the end of the term the Teacher's College challenged us, and although it was then impossible to gather a team that had ever played together, the glove was courageously taken up. The Barnard five were beaten, of course, but the pluck they displayed won general commendation and did much to foster the newly awakened athletic spirit.

During the present year the club has taken steps towards procuring grounds for outdoor work and has put a regular team in the field.

How much time must elapse, and how many disappointments be borne, before Barnard is really represented by a winning team, and has traditions and trophies to cherish, it is impossible to predict; but of the ultimate coming of that day and of the establishment of the Basket Ball Club among the foremost institutions of the College, the ever hopeful members have no doubt.

of of of

BESIDES the generous hundred thousand dollars, which was so mysteriously dropped into Barnard's purse last fall, she has of late had her worldly goods increased by two most acceptable gifts, from interested friends, for her scientific departments. The Botanical Club has given five hundred dollars to that department, four hundred of which is to equip a physiological laboratory, and the remainder to be expended for the noble purpose of erecting a tablet to the memory of the late Emily L. Gregory, Ph. D. Nor has the kindred branch of science, Biology, suffered any oversight, thanks to the kindness of Miss Laura Billings, who quite recently donated the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be used in buying models and type specimens for the Zoological department. As for the pictures we have received from Mrs. A. A. Anderson, whatever we might say would be too little. That we enjoy and appreciate them is shown by the groups of girls continually found before them.

The Editors are confident that they are uttering the sentiments of the entire college in thus expressing, though inadequately, their gratitude for these gifts bestowed upon our Alma Mater by her benefactors.

## READ AT THE SENIOR SPREAD

Jebruary 10, 1899.

"Hookum, it is an order." Yes,
I've heard from the committee,
A prompt, stern mandate that admits
No hope of gracious pity.

By Friday, February tenth,
A "poem" I must grind out,
Though where to get the needful rhyme
Is more than I can find out.

It's all their kindness, too! From me They would not ask a salad, T'would be too troublesome. Oh, no, They merely want a ballad.

Yet the correct ingredients
Of verse are surely harder
To furnish than are such as stock
Each housewife's well-filled larder.

First, you must get some fresh, crisp thought.
Don't use it if it's wilted.
Nor think to hide its abject state
By phrases strange or stilted.

Then for the dressing, rhythm, rhyme, Best quality, good measure, With wit and wisdom sprinkled in To suit the taster's pleasure.

E'en critics served with such a dish Would surely not disdain it; But I, poor, scared, unskillful *chef*, Can I hope to attain it?

Ah, no! And yet I've one hope left,
Though brought to such a pass,—
The all-embracing appetite
Of my illustrious class.

G. H. G.

## NINETY-NINE

Like all other Seniors, it is with a feeling of regret for pleasant, careless times gone by that the Historian turns her mind to the events of the Junior year. Her chronicle left Ninety-nine in the midst of the light-hearted gaieties of that most comfortable year of the college course—when a class's busy, easy-going contentment is marred by no worry for the future, but is strengthened by the knowledge that, for another year at least, its fate and happiness are firmly fixed.

Foremost and gayest among college festivities stands the Junior Ball—in Ninety-nine's case doubly notable, since it was the first to be held in Barnard's new home. Under our Artist as Chairman, Committee and Class planned long and earnestly, and finally achieved a ball that was most artistic, gay, prolonged, and altogether highly successful.

Twin pleasures and twin troubles to every Junior Class are the Ball and the "Mortarboard." In the second of these tasks Ninety-nine won a success that has probably given her more solid satisfaction and self-contentment than any other triumph of her college career. As to the "Mortarboard's" being a literary success, we trust that the public agrees with our own somewhat prejudiced judgment: that it was a financial success, we know. The Historian has spoken of this triumph as an achievement of Ninety-nine, but, like most historical statements, this one needs to be qualified. To the Poet, the Editor-in-chief, belongs a large share of the credit; for it was, in very large measure, her genius, hard work, and whole-hearted devotion that made possible whatever success our "Mortarboard" gained. Ninety-nine has been lucky in many things, but in none luckier than in having the Poet among her number.

There were many other festivities beside the Ball in our gay Junior Year. On one memorable day we were entertained with discussion on Art and with sociable chat at the hospitable home of a most cordial and devoted member of the Board of Trustees. As the year was draw-

ing to its close, our President bade us to one of the jolliest of "spreads." This ceremony ended with a series of speeches—begun by the President—to which every member, however unwilling, was called upon to contribute. When the hated Finals were over we assembled once more, with accompaniments of wind, rain, and large quantities of frivolous edibles, to bid one another, as Juniors, a regretful and lingering farewell.

Realizing that a multitude of troublesome duties would confront us on our return in the autumn, before we parted we settled the weighty matter of elections. On the Undergraduate Association Ninety-nine conferred the Philosopher as President, well appreciating the need of a philosophical and tactful mind in the government of that turbulent body. Upon the shoulders of the Historian was laid the weighty burden of the class Presidency. As Vice-President Lalage started her college career; and in that same restful, quiet office she seems destined to remain while Ninety-nine shall endure. To the many responsibilities borne by the Philosopher were added those of Class Secretary. The manifest fitness of the Objector for the office of Treasurer needs no explanation. In being elected Prophet Marjorie merely suffered the natural consequences of being convicted of a sense of humor. The office of Poet has been filled since the beginning. The Poet needed no election; she "just growed" there.

The Senior Year seems to have cast upon Ninety-nine a most sobering influence. We have never been by nature frivolous and gay, we have never even gone in for basket-ball or dramatics; but this year we have surprised even ourselves by the dignity and the sober-mindedness we have displayed. Studiousness is wide-spread among us. Many hitherto light-hearted souls now spend the greater part of their lives in absorbed research in the Columbia Library.

Our dignity and studiousness are fortunately not unalloyed. We have brief periods of relaxation—especially on every Friday afternoon, when we cheer ourselves for an hour with innocent games, ballad-writing, and the perusal of light literature.

There was another memorable occasion when, for a time, we threw studies to the winds—at the last Undergraduate Tea Ninety-nine will ever have the privilege of directing. On this recent occasion, after the last guests had departed—after the *very* last guests had departed—Ninety-nine gathered about the blazing fire for rest and supper and amusement. With poems,

oratory and games (privilege of Seniors), and with talk of the good times gone by and the mournfully small number of months remaining to us, the hours passed. Sad necessity, that it is when a class is most closely united in pleasure and friendship that the time of parting must approach!

It is hard to realize that Ninety-nine now appears for the last time in the pages of the Mortarboard, that the sacred number which we have regarded as our own exclusive name and property now stands for an actual, present, state. In our ears ring the lines of our Class Poem:

"To the dim and distant future,
That shall bid us say farewell
To our home in the halls of Barnard
And all that there befell;
When each shall stand, expectant,
In the stately, black-robed line,
To the day of our graduation—
Here's a health to Ninety-nine."

That future day is, alas, dim and distant no longer! A few short months, and the college life that has so long filled our thoughts will be finally ended. We shall turn over to our friends of Nineteen-hundred the government of the college world. We shall have no place nor use in those college affairs where we have long considered ourselves indispensable. We leave behind us as much as a class can—but little at best, and that never lasting—fame in scholarship, a reputation for good sense and sanity, and a gift to the college blazoned with our twin numbers. For a few more years instructors may annoy incoming classes by comparing them with Ninetynine's high standard. For a decade or so audiences in the Barnard theatre may, as they look upon the curtain, give us a fleeting thought. Then, like all other classes, we shall be forgotten. There is, indeed, but little of lasting worth that we can leave behind. All that we value most we take with us into the years beyond; a broader view of life, an armor against prejudice and bigotry, comrades we have grown to admire and love; the memory of four of the best years of

our lives, busy years of warm good-fellowship, of work and triumphs and the best of pleasures among the stately halls above the sweep of the great river. May succeeding Senior classes, far stronger in numbers than Ninety-nine, by nature gayer, more enterprising, be able to carry as much with them into the world without!







## NINETEEN HUNDRED'S CROSS ROADS

M. O. A short cut to an A. B.

M. L. G. & Fourteen weeks swim to the Paris Exposition. F. L.

W. B. & Four thousand miles to the Isle of Jersey. M. C.

K. V. H. & Three years to the Foreign Mission field. E. O.

E. T. B. R. Three stadia to the Laurel Wreath.

J. W. Three minutes walk to Pedagogy.

C. H. S. A trip to the Footlights.

S. C. S. From 1900 to 1901 via Constantinople.

F. O. The road to Rome.

M. W. L. Zwei Jahre nach Deutschland.

E. K. Five years to the Chair of Chemistry.

M. C. W.

& Twelve years to Excitement Hall.

J. C. W.

H. N. One year's hobble to Old Maids' Hall.

S. S. One year from Bryn Mawr to Barnard.

V. N. Ten minutes from Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral strand.

S. B. R. Three thousand miles to the Bicycle Meet.

F. T. B. Twenty miles to the Athletic Convention.

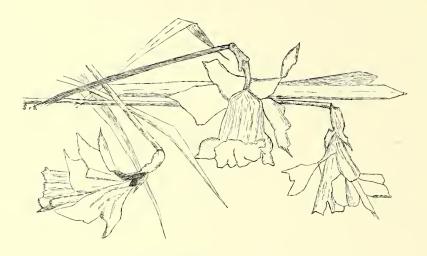
F. L. K. Ten minutes' ride to the Cat Show.

S. G. A steady voyage to the Halls of Learning.

H. C. To Vanity Fair by special train.

S. F. K. A perilous voyage to "The Butterflies."

F. M. S. To the Graduate Course in Deportment.



## NINETEEN HUNDRED

"A poet could not but be gay In such a jocund company."

A LL through the first two years of their college life the members of Nineteen Hundred had had ding-donged in their ears the delicious leisure of the junior year. So they returned last October from their summer vacations with pleasant anticipations that during the next year they were going to be

"Carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease;"

and were going to have plenty of time left over from college occupations in which to go out in society and do art embroidery.. And what did they discover to be the truth? That they had come back to the hardest year of the college four. Of course this is rank heresy, I know; for by unwritten law, since college was a name, the sophomore year has had this doubtful honor of unmitigated toil. But the poor Junior found that in addition to college work, as hard as, if not harder than that of the sophomore year, were added little odds and ends of occupations like the first tea, the Junior Ball, the *Mortarboard*, and incidentally, as the Seniors had their theses to attend to, the running of most of the Barnard organizations. It was appalling; but Nineteen Hundred plucked up courage and

set cheerfully to work with such assiduity that the Senior pointed her out as a shining example to the tender Freshman, saying:

"''My child ob-serve the use ful ant, How hard she works each day; She works as hard as a-da-mant; That's ve-ry hard they say. She has no time to gal-li-vant; She has no time to play."

Hood said once: "There's a kind of fortune called ill-luck; so ill that you hope it will die,—but it doesn't. That's my luck." And with his defunct permission I shall apply the quotation to Nineteen Hundred. The "S. P. G.'s" Hallow'een party had to take place the night before the first argument was due; on the afternoon of the first tea it poured as if the heavens were opened; and the night of the Junior Ball——! Pardon the aposiopesis, but emotion overcame the Historian. Had the Juniors seen the outcome of events, they would have sent out their invitations edged with black; would have had cypresses and tube-roses for decorations; and would have ordered the muscians to play the Dead March from "Saul" during the entire evening. Fortunately they could not be Miss Pipers; so the sixty-four valiant ones who succeeded in getting to the dance had a glorious time and enjoyed themselves hugely, regardless of the fact that outside the drifts were ten feet deep and transportation was impossible except in balloons.

What did it? That is the question the Juniors have mournfully asked themselves and others ever since. Was it because the night was the ill-omened Thirteenth? Was it because some avenging deity sacred to Freshmen and Sophomores was "getting even?" At any rate, there is one consolation—it was the most "select" Junior Ball ever given at Barnard College. A newspaper reporter who telephoned up during the evening to ascertain who were "the distinguished guests" received the prompt answer that all were "distinguished guests." And the information was correct; for all who ventured out the night of that fatal Thirteenth of February are, in the opinion of the Junior Class, fully qualified to superintend exploring expeditions to the North Pole.

Possibly someone reading this over may have a faint and lingering impression that it is funny. The Juniors beg to differ; *they* refuse to see *anything* amusing in the subject.

So let's change it and talk about examinations,—really a less painful topic.

It was very comical to hear the Junior on the eve of the Mid Years, loftily admonish the terrified Freshman that, after all, examinations were not such sickening terrors as they were

painted, that when the Freshman had grown up to be a Junior she would take the Mid Years less like a dose of poison and more like an afternoon tea; and then to see the Junior herself tear off and cram in secret till she was black in the face.

To this the Junior would no doubt illogically but comfortably reply, "Well, didn't I do well in the exams?"—an unanswerable argument (to one uninitiated in Rhetoric C.), for Nineteen Hundred's scholarship may not be brilliant, but it is, at least, honest and solid.

Well, three-fourths of Nineteen Hundred's college life is nearly over and it is about time to grow solemn, regret and moralize. But as the Juniors look back over their college course so far, with its happiness and gain clearly before them, and with its catastrophes and short-comings, its mistakes and disappointments fading into healthy perspective, they have but one sentiment to voice in regard to it all:

"You may rail at this life—from the hour I began it, I found it a life full of kindness and bliss; And, until they can show me a happier planet, More social and bright, I'll content me with this."



#### NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE

#### With Apologies to Caesar

In the year 1897, during the Deanship of Miss Emily James Smith, all Barnard was divided into four classes; of these the greatest was 1901.\* If, perchance, anyone should ask concerning the nature and deeds of this class, thus would come the reply: Early its members agreed not to wear the collegiate cap and gown, for they considered these things not to belong to Freshmen; they were bright students and of great originality: they would neither follow any other class, nor receive any hints from them, so they produced a class pin of their own, the first ever seen in Barnard.

These things having been done, they sent out committees who should make suitable arrangements for a play. All being in readiness, they collected their friends at the appointed spot. The nature of the place which they had selected was a theatre. There the class play took place, and was a great success.

These things having been accomplished, 1901, upon the exhortation of the college, hastened again to the theatre to give the last tea, which, being done, the forces were drawn up for the finale. This great ordeal was safely passed, for from the ranks not a single girl was dropped. Once more the class assembled. In the spacious halls of the Waldorf-Astoria the praises of the college rang out, and the dread secrets of the Mystery Book were revealed.

When this deed was finished, and the college year was but a name, these came together at the house of the kind treasurer the different members of the class to elect their officers and speak their farewells.

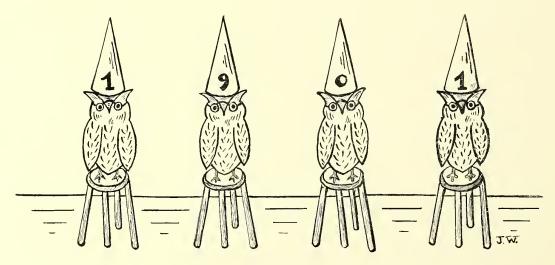
These things having been satisfactorily concluded, summer set in, and because the days were hot, for the next few months nothing was done. In the beginning of Autumn, the

<sup>\*</sup> This probably refers to size. - THE EDITORS.

class returned to winter-quarters, rejoicing in the proud superiority of the Sophomore year. At this time a new people appeared. They were young and ignorant of the ways of the place, and their name was Freshmen. To secure their friendship 1901 invited them to an assembly where it practised many exercises and games with them. When this was finished quiet reigned again, broken only once in a while by a threatening lecture and a few uprisings.

As to the character of the class of 1901, it is by far the greatest and most industrious of all. It is said to write "obvious" narrations, which it punctuates with "loving care." A shepherd daily leads the flocks to "fresh fields and pastures new," because of which the girls grow thinner and thinner, and their note-books fatter and fatter. Part of the class works in science; the rest read Stoic philosophy, and write French and German essays in handwritings which are said because of history note-taking to be so illegible as to disguise mistakes.

All this and many other things does the Class of 1901 do, and it is looked up to and esteemed by the remainder of Barnard.



## NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

O matter how often the college may have heard about the effects of the new dormitory upon college affairs, we must drag in a reference to Fiske Hall, and say that the class of 1902 has distinctly felt its influence. For, owing to the dormitory system at Barnard, our class, consisting of forty-two members, has come from the four quarters of this country. It it needless to testify here to all our good qualities. That we are the most wonderful class which ever entered college, goes without saying. What class, according to its written history, is not?

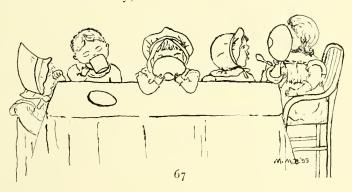
The first week of our new life was one of varied experiences. We employed it as best we could in learning to distinguish the reception room from the undergraduate study, juniors from sophomores, and in becoming acquainted with one another. We also discovered the road to the bookstore, and realized the relation between West Hall and pocket-books. The Library we entered, after long hesitation, with fear and trembling, awed by its majesty, and incidentally

by the students lounging around.

Pleasure and pain went together in those first few weeks. We were fêted by some, by others we were subjected to certain mysterious ———. We soon recovered from the feelings of great exuberation and deep discomfiture occasioned by the two distinctive ways in which we had been received into college, and we grew accustomed to our new life. We very soon became an important part of the college. At present, owing to the ever-growing elective system, we are represented in every department. Our intellectual abilities are immeasurable. Our treatment of periodic sentences has been a revelation to all concerned. They talk to us about a theory of limits. Why, there *is no* limit to our theories, especially concerning mathematics and the expounders thereof. Moreover, we converse fluently in several languages. Indeed, we astonish even our instructors by our wonderful translations. Our mastery of Greek verbs is a marvel.

Nor have we been behindhand in college athletics. The basket ball team of 1902 has long been an established fact, and the 'varsity team has drawn more than one member from our class.

Yes, "we are here and here to stay," so let us all make the best of it.



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

or

#### VERSES WRITTEN DURING A STOOPID COURSE

#### A BALLAD OF THE TUTOR

How very dreadful it must be
To be as tiresome as he!
To think dull thoughts day after day,
Nor ever hope to get away!
How glad I am in thinking thus
That we're not he, that he's not us.
Though we must hear him once a week,
He hears himself, if e'er he speak.

#### A BALLAD OF THE COURSE

Some courses need a week or more To show their widespread use. But this one takes at least a month To furnish its excuse.

#### A REFLECTION

It really is a funny thing,
I look as if I heard,
And yet, indeed, since I came in
I have not heard a word.

#### A Soul's Agony

Nay, this is bitter, this it is that drives

My hot blood boiling through my veins with rage.

This thought it is in dreams with nightmares strives,

And prematurely brings me to old age.

This is the thought: that uncompelled by force,

Free, as I was, I chose to take this course.\*

<sup>\*</sup>Note.—This, it should be observed, would be a very good example of the Spencerian stanza, if it had had three more lines, and had been constructed quite differently.

Oh, pity the thermometer
Which hangs upon the wall
Through all these dreadful lectures
And has to hear them all!

#### TRIOLET

Now, what should I say
Should he question my knowledge?
Could I fail to betray
That my mind was at play?
(Which is not a good way
To be brilliant at college.)
Now, what *could* I say
Should he question my knowledge?

#### Longing

Think of a horse in a meadow!

Think of a boat on the sea!

Think of a blazing fire,

And muffins and steaming tea!

I don't care a bit about knowledge,

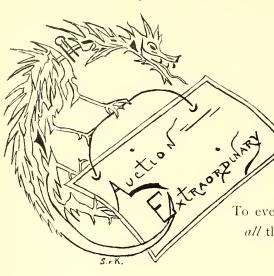
Or what the philosophers say,

I want to be out, with the sunshine about,

I want to be out, and away!

#### RESIGNATION

There is a single thought which comforts me, However tiresome the course may be, Herein 'tis very evident that we Of boredom reach the most intense degree. All other bores will seem a thrilling spree; Dull parties, aunts that come to Sunday tea, Plays which were once an agony to see, Tho' dull, henceforth lose their intensity.



# THE MORTARBOARD

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To every purchaser will be presented a complete and accurate copy of all the examination reports, correctly tabulated and conveniently arranged for rapid reference.

#### CATALOGUE.

- I. A collection of prehistoric vehicles and fossilized quadrupeds, known to the Goatvillians, according to Professor A. D. T. Munchausen, A. D. A. M., the distinguished theologian and Indian authority, as Boulevard Cars. Exact age (of the cars) unknown, but estimated at 3,000 years. First mentioned in history as conveying Continental troops to Grant's Tomb in the Battle of Harlem Heights.
- 2. The editorial sanctum of The Mortarboard. Size 3×4. Just the thing for a dress-suit case. Warranted to hold a gown for the teas, also comb, brush, and white gloves.
- 3. A large collection of fine pine trees from the Barnard Court. Suitable for telegraph poles, masts, etc. *The Mortarboard* would never have consented to part with these monarchs of the forest, had they not grown so tall and thick as to darken the upper windows of the college.
- 4. A toy elevator. Runs once a week with occasional half-hour stops between floors. Would make a pretty parlor ornament.
- 5. A little village of light, airy, wooden residences, situated east of Amsterblank Avenue, commanding a superb view over The Heights. These abodes are, without doubt, convincing proofs of the existence of a manorial system in America, as each has its own plot of ground, and, together with its neighbors, enjoys a fine, rocky common where goats do feed. The view alone is worth the money.

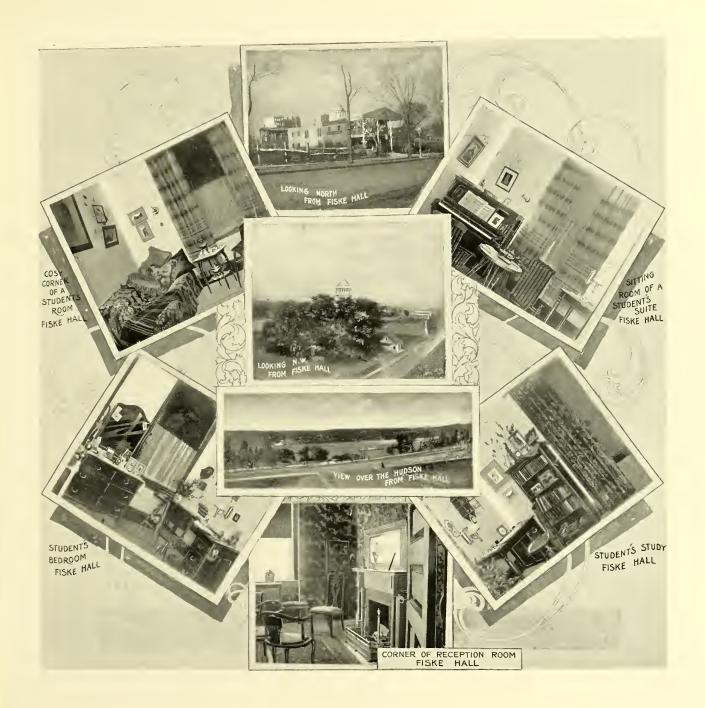
- 6. An unlimited supply of Philosophy I A's. Cheap! Cannot be distinguished from the genuine articles when posted on the bulletin-board after examination. No reason why any student should be without one of these desirable articles, as they are within reach of all.
- 7. Seventeen bushels of elegant stationery gathered from the bulletin-boards. If you write on the back no one will recognize the paper, as the bulletin-boards guarantee that all notices shall be safe from the curious eye.
- 8. A large collection of rare utensils of the rough stone age. Suitable for soup tureens or cinerary urns. Now on exhibition on the roof of the College.
- 9. West Hall. Convertible into any old thing: lunatic asylum, restaurant, book store, private post-office, janitor's apartments, sanctums innumerable, etc., etc. Magnificent winding approach. The person who removes this landmark from the Columbia Campus will earn the lasting gratitude of The Mortarboard.
- 10. Five thousand (5,000) books. "Required Reading" in Barnard Courses. For many years lost from the Columbia Library. Found through the heroic efforts of our own private detective, Padlock Bones, and offered for sale as the only means of ever putting them within reach of the students.
- 11. Valuable ferry franchise across Boulevard River, at 119th Street. Good for mud scow navigation. This ferry is sure to be a success, as the river is navigable most of the winter, and students are obliged to swim, except when able to cross on floating ice.
- 12. Accident insurance policies. Cover injuries resulting from History fright, Rhetoric Cinsomnia, hurricanes, grip microbes, starvation caused by eight hours of uninterrupted work a day, and loss of temper in waiting for consultations.
- 13. Plenty of Good Humor and Merriment. *The Mortarboard* has found them excellent antidotes for the worries, and can recommend them to any one about to undertake fearful responsibilities. F. T. B.

J. W.

## LIFE IN FISKE HALL

THE very aspect of Fiske Hall seems to determine the life to be led there, a life first of all well-proportioned. It must further be simple and dignified, somewhat removed from the rush of the business world, but bright and gay, with a free outlook and no dark corners. The stranger that approaches may at first glance see naught but the *college*, and think of it as a place restricted to academic pursuits. He may think of the college girl as interested wholly in her studies. But one step within the cloistered door of Fiske reveals a place neither severe nor wholly academic, and gives a glimpse of the college girl as she really is, eagerly interested in all the problems of this small complex community; delighting in the jolly life; resenting while she glories in the responsibilities that are making her strong; growing always more democratic and warm-hearted as she sees into experiences that have not been hers; and above all making friendships that stand the test of differences and disagreements. This is the life our building ought to suggest if it be really suited to its purpose as we feel it to be.

Our great entrance hall and ample stair instil at once the feeling that we have a position of dignity to maintain, and this is enhanced by the cathedral chimes that sound at the hour for meals, suggesting a rather stately ceremonial. The feeling of formality is quickly relieved by the sight of the dining hall, where the small tables make even this large room cosy and induce friendly, quiet conversation. Our several small reception rooms make it easy to entertain guests and to retain in this community-life somewhat of the charm and privacy of our own homes. But the stronghold of each student is her private room, and this shows her to us as she really is. There is the room that has an ever open door, enticing the passer-by to stop and chat. Here we see a couch piled with cushions, a tea-table with hospitable intent, a lounging chair and books that look not too weighty for a leisure moment. Or there is the room of the hard student who makes sure of her solid books, her desk and reading lamp, but troubles little about decorations. She opens her room freely when at all, but it is at definite times, and during her hours of work it is her impregnable castle. Or again, we slip into a room that does not beckon the casual visitor, but offers to the chosen friend the quiet shelter of a real sanctum. A desk that



tells of serious work, a friendly fire, and books and pictures chosen by no mere accident, point below the surface and make us feel for the moment removed from the noisy current of life outside and in touch with the reality of our best. There is also the suite of rooms that tempts to light house-keeping; here all the necessities of life are banished to the bedrooms, and the "study" with a piano, divan and other worldly luxuries tempts one to forget that it is a college room. So is the independence and personality of the students fully assured in their own domains, while the general reading room, with books and magazines, and easy chairs about the fire, serves as a meeting place where the affairs of the community are discussed and settled, and the feeling gained that after all we are one body, each member depending on the others for success in the college life, for comfort and for happiness, knowing that to secure these for the whole is worth some sacrifice of individual taste and inclination.

The building and the life are very new, yet there is already a feeling of loyalty and affection for it, and unless it has failed in its aim the students know that the success of the Hall in the present and its hope in the future must depend largely upon the fulness of the co-operation with the college authorities, and upon the realization that the students' best interests and those of the college are and must be the same.

Susan G. Walker.

## CONSULTATIONS

A crowd of Freshmen on a floor, All trembling, thronged about a door, A consultation is in store, "Obviously."

One fiercely clenches both her fists And enters boldly in the lists. Such tyrant terror she resists, "Obviously."

Her touching scenes are labelled "trash," Her lofty thoughts fall with a crash Before the critic's cutting lash, "Obviously."

And in the margin meets her sight "Food for the feeble-minded," "Trite," "Prolix," perhaps, or, "Rather light," "Obviously."

As writhing in her misery
She wonders what her mark will be,
Most profane man! He calls it—"D"—
"Obviously."

Oh, Freshman, put aside your fear.
Before the close of your first year
Your themes may be, "Well, fairly clear,
"Obviously."

An "A" unmixed with base alloy
May fill your soul with speechless joy,
Which Memory's "D's" cannot destroy,
"Obviously."

E. P.

### THE NEW MAN

In the days when a man gave up his seat in a car to a woman, merely because she was a woman, it was of course fitting that he should be thanked for his courtesy, but at the present day it ought to be deemed a breach of decorum for a woman to return thanks for the seat. There are now but three conceivable reasons for a man's giving up his place to one of the opposite sex: (a) he considers her extremely pretty; or (b) he thinks her very old; or (c) he believes her to be so tired as to make standing a physical impossibility. His offering his seat to any woman is virtually pronouncing one of these three judgments upon her, and any one of the three is such as to forbid thanks. If a man call a stranger pretty, in a public place, should he be thanked or ignored? If he calls her old, is this to be considered a mark of courtesy? If he tells her she looks ill—the women to whom fatigue is becoming are few in number—is he to receive her gratitude? No—if a man so far forgets himself as to offer his place to a woman, the only course open to her is to accept in dignified silence.

J. B. G.

## \* \* \*

## A BRIEF TALE OF WOE

PPRESSED with the fact that her first argument was due on Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, she came up to college that day, dull and forlorn. "Her eyelids were a little weary," her rhetoric brief was still undone. She entered the undergraduate study,—nobody there but three juniors, frantically writing their rhetoric briefs. She went into the *The Mortarboard* room,—around the table in awful silence sat four juniors writing their rhetoric briefs. She opened the door of last year's consultation room. "What do you want?" asked two juniors harshly, looking up from their rhetoric briefs. She rushed out into the hall and ran up against a junior, who asked mournfully, "Done your rhetoric brief?" With the suppressed rage of a Cyrano, she dashed down the stairs. Only to be away, away, off,—anywhere,—so long as she could leave behind her that miserable crowd. Ugh! She boarded a cable car and went home.

J. W.

## THE

# HEIGHTS

## NEWLY EDITED WITH PREFACE

AND

ILLUSTRATED WITH COPIOUS CONNOTATIONS

EXEGETICAL, PHILOLOGICAL, HYSTERICAL AND HYPOTHETICAL SELECTED, TRANSLATED AND DERANGED FROM THE BEST COMMENTATORS, PREVARICATORS, HISTORIANS, ETC.

ADAPTED FOR CLASS-ROOM ABUSE

"He can not be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone."

THE BARNARD MORTARBOARD OFFICE
BRINCKERHOFF HALL
MDCCCXCIX

All rights preserved

## **PREFACE**

This tragedy, a mere fragment of the glorious original, is the first of a great trilogy. Although through the carelessness of copyists, owing to penmanship ruined in note-taking, the text is hopelessly corrupt, the general drift of the argument is clear. The drama tells of the plots of the Faculty of Barnard to bring about the overthrow of the Mortarboard, and of the combination of the Mortarboard Genius with the Columbia Student to accomplish the discomfiture of the Faculty. The third act of the play is lost and the second act is but a fragment; but the argument of the two acts has been patched together by remarks of the Scholiasts to be as follows: In the second act the Faculty goes to Barnard; tries to ingratiate himself there; get at the Mortarboard manuscript, and burn it; but is so bewildered by the teachings of the Mortarboard Genius and the brilliancy of the Chorus that he retreats in dismay to beg the Columbia Student to reconsider his refusal and go in his stead.

In the third act the Columbia Student, prevailed upon to try his luck, goes; is completely fascinated by the Class of 1900; has his ideas of Barnard girls entirely changed; reveals the perfidy of the Faculty; and plots with the Mortarboard Genius to bring woe upon the Faculty. The fourth act treats of the catastrophe to the Faculty.

The Faculty was probably the protagonist, the Mortarboard Genius the deutergonist, the Columbia Student the tritagonist and the Class of 1900 the Chorus.

The last two dramas of the trilogy are not extant, but from inscriptions on bulletin-boards and extracts from Barnard note-books critics have decided that they must have treated of the revenge of the Faculty by flunking the entire Junior Class in the Finals.

This is the most terrible of all tragic trilogies. The deep gloom is unrelieved; the shadowy wings of Nemesis continually flap over all; and throughout the action one has the premonition that sooner or later all hands concerned must get their "comeuppances."

Aristophanes has often been accused of taking his inspiration for "The Clouds" from "The Heights," and the similarity in plot and treatment between the two is often startling. But before making so grave an accusation as plagiarism against an author of so much note as the late Aristophanes we must consider two facts: First that Shakspere, Milton, Wordsworth and many other writers of no mean ability have also clearly modelled much of their style and verse on the diction of this tragedy; and, second, that all subsequent writings were merely "crumbs from the great feast" of the "Heights."

C. O'. MENTATOR.

# The Heights

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

#### ACT I.

Scene I. — Faculty Restaurant, West Hall.

Faculty at one table, Columbia Student at another.

FACULTY: To growl or not to growl, that is the question. Whether 'tis dignified perchance to suffer The grinds and jestings of outrageous Barnard, Or to take arms against that pesky Mortarboard And, by opposing, end it? To growl or give It up? And by that act to show we scorn The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks Their conduct gives us,—'twere a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To give it up? But Nineteen Hundred comes;—ay, there's the rub; For with that class at work what grinds may come When we have given up complaints of them, Must give us pause: There's the respect That makes our misery of so long life; For who would bear the merry jests they fling At all our actions in the class-room there, Their jokes about our tricks of speech and gait, Their jibes against our methods and our marks,

When he himself might their quietus make With the Dean's order? Who would satires bear To sigh and groan under their scathing wit; But that the dread of something in revenge, Some scheme hatched by that class of genius there To make them quits,—puzzles the will; And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of. Thus caution does make cowards of us all; And thus the native hue of resolution \*Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; And enterprises, as that of this moment, With this regard, their currents turn awry And lose the name of action—Soft you now! I see at yonder table one who'll aid us. (Goes over to Columbia Student.)

tudent in my classes here

Hail, gentle student in my classes here, If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart, Absent thee from thy mid-day meal awhile And in this lunch-room draw thy breath in pain To hear my story.

#### STUDENT:

What woeful speech is this?
What fell mishap hath over-crowed thy spirit,
And all thy courage softened? For thy brow
Deep scars of thunder have entrenched, and care
Sits on thy faded cheek. On evil days art fallen?
Art fallen on evil days?

#### FACULTY: Alas,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word Would harrow up thy soul, give thee ten fits, Make thy two orbs, like stars, start from their spheres, Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

<sup>\*</sup> Used by special permission of the Greek Department.

And each particular hair stand upon end Like petals in a big chrysanthemum! For that detested Barnard Mortarboard Hath filled my life with bitter misery; Hath so lampooned me in its pages free, That I to foil its methods would do wonders, Would even go and study law at Harvard, So might I gain keen strength in argument To prove to all the Mortarboard's unreason.

STUDENT: (Interrupting.) Why not take Rhetoric C? It's deadly and thorough. If you once try it, you'll never be able to do anything else but argue.

You'll forget both how to spell and punctuate.

FACULTY: (Ignoring the interruption.) In this sad hour of my deep distress,

Remember all that I have done for thee;

How I have sung thy praises there at Barnard; Have told how good-sense reigns in your cerebra;

Of how you grasp the issues of a subject,

And always run through mud to catch a horse-car;

How luminously bright your understandings; How perfectly perfected your perfections. \*So lend your instant aid to instant need And help me in the urgent of this hour.

STUDENT: (Relapsing into prose.) You'll pardon me for dropping into plain English,

won't you? I know it is'nt the swell thing to do in a blank verse tragedy like this; but you see I'm not well up in metres. I was getting along all right in them until I struck the choral passages in Aeschylus, and then I was sort of paralyzed. I got logoedics and pherecratics all mixed up with

lock-jaw microbes, and —

FACULTY: (Impatiently.) Yes; yes Talk in any way you choose so long as you say

something!

<sup>\*</sup> Note the Shaksperian lilt to these two lines. — C. O'. MENTATOR.

STUDENT: Well, this is what I wished to say: I see the fix you're in; but I really don't see how I can assist you.

FACULTY: You see that large stone structure across the Boulevard? That is Barnard College. In it there is a small room, the thinking-shop of wise souls, the *Mortarboard* office. Go to Barnard; attend the teas and dances there; ingratiate yourself with the students; penetrate the mysteries of the *Mortarboard* room; and destroy the material of the Editors.

STUDENT: What! Go among those pale-faced "greasy grinds?" Why the fellows would tease me to death about it.

FACULTY: What do you mean by calling the Barnard girl a "greasy grind?"

STUDENT: Her work is too much with her, late and soon,

Digging and grinding she lays waste her powers:

Little she sees in Barnard of free hours, Yet asks for optionals, a sordid boon! The daily larks we have from fall till June, Field days and dances and those teas of ours,

The College tavern with stately towers, For this, for everything, she is out of tune. It moves her not.—Great guns! I'd rather be

A squatter living in a hut out-worn, So might I, sitting on my door-step free.

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of games and college revelry;

Or hear street music played from night till morn.

FACULTY: Then you refuse? STUDENT: I can't enthuse.

FACULTY: Fie on your language! For this is too bad,

That you who even but now wert my best object,

Argument of my praise, balm of my age,

Most best, most dear'st, should in this trice of time

Most best, most dear'st, should in this trice of time Give forth a word so barb'rous, to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure you will leave This Lunch-room and my presence, saving it From all the fell corruptions of your diction.

STUDENT: (Going out.) There's still the College-Tavern for my needs.

FACULTY: Blow, blow thou campus wind,

Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto Grant's Tomb.

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere doom.

Then, heigh-ho, the Tomb! This life is all gloom. [Exit.]



#### ACT II.

Scene I. — Gallery of Barnard Theatre outside of Mortarboard office.

FACULTY: (Rapping on office door.) What ho! Good folk within!

MORTARBOARD GENIUS: (Opening door.) Who calls so loud?

FACULTY: 'Tis 1, a country stranger, by your leave,

From far off regions in \*slow cars I've come To view the wonders of fair Barnard's halls.

M. GEN.: You wish me then to act as guide for you?

(Throws open door of Mortarboard office disclosing seven girls, wretched looking beings, some tearing their hair, others searching wildly through volumes, and one anxiously counting money.)

But first of all, — now what think you are these?

FACULTY: Alas! They are poor Cuban prisoners,

Reconcentrados with wild looks of woe.

But wherefore search they thus within those books?

M. GEN.: 'Tis Bartlett's book, "Quotations" that they read

In hopes of finding "grinds" piquant and new.

FACULTY: But wherefore do those others tear their hair?

M. GEN.: They're vainly striving to evolve ideas.

FACULTY: And wherefore does one count that money o'er?

M. GEN.: She's trying to make four go into three.

(Closes the door. To Faculty who is gazing into space)
But now, pray, tell me why you gape aloft?

FACULTY: (In great disappointment.) I cannot see it; sure it is not here.

M. Gen.: You seek?

FACULTY: An intellectual atmosphere.

<sup>\*</sup> Note the euphemism. - C. O'. MENTATOR.

M. GEN.: We use it all; there's none to spare for show.

FACULTY: Now, by the gods!

M. GEN.: Nay, what gods swear ye by?

FACULTY: By Matthoo Arnold, limpid and sublime.

What other god could hold me at his shrine?

M. GEN.: Ha, ha! Your godheads are not current here.

We swear just now by an illustrious class

Called Nineteen Hundred. Shall I summon it

To sing a choral ode and vary things?

I'm growing bored.

FACULTY: (With a shudder.) Ah, well! Do as you choose.

I cannot say you nay.

M. GEN.: Thrice honoured class,

Reveal yourselves to us, whether you sit Beneath the Library's great pallid dome And grind out Arguments and History, Or in the sacred precincts of a class You bluff your way to countless A's, or else Within the lab'ratories you advance In arts of cooking and dissecting things;

Or whether on the Boulevard you walk, Or saunter by the river, hear I beg, And graciously vouchsafe your presence now.

#### CHORUS.

(Appearing in theatre and singing to the tune of "Mandalay.")

By a broad and stately river flowing silent to the sea, There stands a handsome structure with a banner floating free; And around the court-yard entrance runs a marble columned way Along which quiet cloister Barnard students often stray. Barnard students often stray All in cap and gown array.

(Just to decorate the building, not to make a vain display,)

Barnard Students often stray,

And we hope they always may

Till the pyramids have crumbled and we've reached the Judgment Day.

\*In the blue and gold of sunrise, in the splendid glare of noon, In the sunset's dashing crimsons, or beneath the silver moon, These halls, serene in beauty, stand above the Hudson's tide, And our Alma Mater, Barnard, is our glory and our pride.

She's our glory and our pride,

And whatever may betide,

We shall all obey her mandates until everyone has died.

She's our glory and our pride

And whatever may betide,

Joyous we shall sing her praises, while our life and strength abide.

Now the fairest of her daughters is a class that's quite sublime.

It really is impossible to state its gifts in rhyme.

But before our work is ended and the four bright years are gone,

Here's a health to Nineteen Hundred, finest class beneath the sun.

Finest class beneath the sun,

First in †work and first in fun;

All its members stand together,—twenty-five, they step as one.

Finest class beneath the sun,

'Ere our college course be run,

Here's a health to Nineteen Hundred, and the deeds that she has done.

<sup>\*</sup>No expense has been spared on this verse. — C. O'. MENTATOR.

<sup>†</sup> To shirk in first edition. - C. O'. MENTATOR.

#### ACT IV.

Scene I. - Lower Hall of Barnard near the Elevator.

COL. STUDENT: If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly: if the machination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch, With his Surcease, Success; that but this trap Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time We'd jump the years to come. \*But in this case We still have judgment here; that we but try Mischievous plottings, which being taught return To plague the teacher: this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice To our own lips. He's here in sacred trust; For I am his dear pupil and his subject, Strong plea against the deed. I am the one Who should against his foemen shut the door Not lock *him* in. Besides this FACULTY Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against †The deep damnation of his locking-up. I see my finish.

(Enter Mortarboard Genius.) Ah! How now! What news?

M. GEN.: He soon will come: Why watch you not the door?

C. S.: We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honored me of late, and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Now cast aside so soon.

<sup>\*</sup> From this point the shadowy wings of Nemesis begin to flap. — C. O'. MENTATOR.

<sup>†</sup> Positively the last appearance of this construction. — C. O'. MENTATOR.

M. G.: Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so blue and white
At what it planned?

C. S.: If we should fail?

M. G.: We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place
And we'll not fail. Now when our victim comes
And starts to mount the winding marble stair
Why, then will we salute him and point out
The elevator's pomp of gilt and glass
With light and with attendant ready here
To raise him, as befits his august state,
E'en to the dizzy height of the fourth floor.
Him once persuaded and the hall-boy bribed,
Imprisoned in this fatal gilded car
Between the second and first floor we'll stick,
Like a Prometheus chainéd to a rock
While ages roll and classes graduate.

(Enter Faculty.)

All hail our august master, step you now Within the gilded entrance of this car That by the oarage of electric wings, In splendor that befits you, you may rise Up to your class-room on the far fourth floor. And for the rest, a never sleeping Fate Shall order things as Providence intends.

FACULTY: No, no! For I refuse. You offer me
Womanish luxuries and Eastern arts
For comfort. No! Upon me you would draw
The greeny glare and spite of jealous eyes.
An unpresumptuous mind's God's greatest gift.

Proclaim him happy who has turned out well. And this will ever be the rule for me.

M. G.: Now answer me one question, if you will.

FACULTY: My judgment, be assured, cannot be changed.

M. G.: Let not the blame of men make thee ashamed.

FACULTY: The voice of many is a mighty thing.

M. G.: But envy always dogs the fortunate.

FACULTY: To love contention is a woman's part.

M. G.: (With difficulty restraining herself.)

Nay but the great may yield a point with grace.

FACULTY: You evidently think it worth the fight.

M. G.: Now yield; I do entreat. Give thy consent.

FACULTY: Well, have thy will. Then let some minion here,

Willie or James, throw wide the iron door For my ascent. And may no envious glance From the immortal gods o'ershadow me

As I arise.

M. G.: (Aside.) He talks as if he thinks He is about to be translated.

(Faculty steps in Elevator. It runs up between the third and fourth floor and stops.)

Hark

I hear from the tombs a doleful sound of woe.

FACULTY: (From Elevator) Farewell, bright sun! Sweet light of day, farewell. For crime unknown I lie in a dungeon cell.

(Columbia Student collapses. Chorus appears at foot of stair.)

CHORUS.

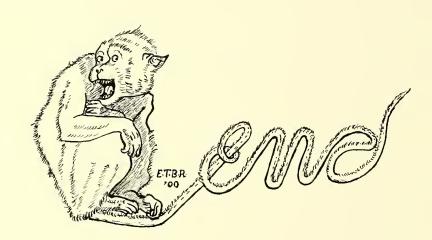
Oh, I have an awful feeling

Which is weird and fearsome, stealing

Up and down my spinal column as I contemplate this deed.

I am really no old granny,
But predictions wild, uncanny,
Devour all my courage with an octopus' fell greed.
I can see before me looming
A grim bulletin-board, blooming
With letters of the alphabet whose figure is not A;
For the Finals are approaching
And I feel wild dread encroaching
On all my joys and pleasures as I think upon that day.

E.T.B.R.



#### THE DAILY THEME FACE

THE "bicycle face" has ceased to reign alone. There has come into existence, thanks to various enterprising professors of rhetoric, the "daily theme face." Among certain classes of individuals, it is as easily recognizable as is the other face in our parks and public highways. As proof of this statement, I submit the following piece of evidence: A Barnard senior for some days had been behaving in a most unseniorlike manner. In the Library she seemed to have lost all passion for reading, and sat gazing disconsolately around her. In the Barnard study room, instead of sitting at the long table, which, somehow, inspires seriousness more than the upholstered seats at the side, she sat in a corner next to the window, with a cushion behind her head, idly biting her pencil, and staring with unseeing eyes far up the Hudson. She was also caught lounging about the halls with a look of worry in her eyes. Now, seniors never waste their time in such a shiftless, undergraduate way. So, when one of her sister-seniors, who had been noticing this girl with her look of worry, and her idle ways, met her in the hall one day, she asked, "Why, what is the matter with you? You've got just the same kind of an expression that you used to have when you were taking the daily theme course last year!"

"That's just it," repied the other. "Dr. Odell wants us to write some daily themes for Rhetoric III., and I haven't got an idea."

J. W.

#### UNDER THE PHYLOGENETIC TREE

#### Dedicated to Zoology III

When a lively young Pagurus and a lonely Gastropod Decide to live together, you must'nt think it odd.

They take a few apartments from the Chambered Nautilus, And pay the rent in Sand Dollars without a bit of fuss.

They asked their friends to come and dine to celebrate the day.

Anodonta brought Phoronis,—first cousins, so they say,—

Caprella skipped in lightly with Ballanus on his arm,

And Gammarus, though "neglectus", seemed to feel the latter's charm.

Homarus came, still green of hue, I'd blush to call him red.
For that's a tender topic when such guests are being fed.
And the Turtle, when at last he came, was suffering from croup,
So he said, though they whispered he had just escaped the soup.

The only thing that marred the sport, was an accident, it's clear, For Nereis came still later and brought her Trochosphere.
"I'm astonished," said the Helix, as he hunched his dextral dome, "This is no place for children, that larva should be home."

The Gorgonía ceased its work, for it was growing cool.

The Tubipora played like mad, forgetting every rule.

But the party grew too mournful, for the Sepia's ink got free,

So the guests withdrew quite huffy to their places in the tree.

### MELANCHOLY MIRTH

THERE is a delightful touch of humor, which we must think to be unconscious, in the suggestion that we make our daily themes humorous. One may be anything else to order, sentimental, serious, direct, obscure, moral, but let anyone ask us to be funny and the world becomes a blot and a blank. We go to our lectures weighed down with a new responsibility; we are death's-heads at the feast in the basement luncheon-hall; we go up to the laboratory with a despairing determination to find elements of incongruity and surprise in the caliper square and  $H_2SO_4$ ; we gather our books together and plod over to Columbia to take interminable notes for Rhetoric C briefs; we go home to sit in abstracted silence throughout the dinner-hour. And then—then we take pen and paper and we address ourselves, with subconscious memories of lessons to be prepared for the morrow, to the gentle art of being clever.

Surely, the Rhetoric Department forgets how closely humor is allied to pathos!

J. B. G.

### \* \* \*

### ROOM 303

HE rose from his seat with an easy motion, pushed back his chair, and, with his hands in his pockets, stepped from the platform. "Well, young ladies, I don't know that there's any use in saying anything on this subject, but we may as well see what we can do with it,"—his voice had a weary tone. It made us sympathize with him. He strode toward the blackboard. "I suppose,"—he said; then a pause. He put down the chalk. "I think on the whole, we might get more help by reading one of Arnold's essays." Just a suspicion of laughter sped around the class. Then silence reigned as he read. Forty minutes passed with occasional pauses in the reading. Again he swung back in his chair. "Now, young ladies, let us analyze this in the form of a brief. That first sentence in the second part, is not that the starting point of our issues?" A murmur of dissent came from the class. He paused again. "I think—Miss Haywood, what is it I want here?" The bell rang, and the class rose with one accord. To this day, probably no student knows what he wanted.

H. C.

#### TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

"Walls have tongues and hedges ears."

MR. Darling, superintendent of the Columbia University grounds, to Patrick, an old attaché of the former Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, now West Hall: "See here, Patrick, I don't want you to stick up any more advertisements on those trees, even if they are *Morningside* signs." Patrick, with indignation: "Shure, sor, an' it wasn't me as stuck thim up, it was the *inmates!*"



He was going over a Greek exercise with her, and had been growing more and more interested in pointing out some particularly "elegant" ways of translating a certain phrase. The room fairly rang with his eloquence. Just then two visitors paused at the door and looked in. "My," said one of them, in a scared tone, to the other, "Ain't he giving that poor girl an awful talkin' to!"



Two Sophomores were standing before the bulletin-board, looking at the examination report of the senior class in Anthrosighfollogy XCIX. "Edna," said one of them, "just look at that long list of nothing but A's and B's. Make a note of that course, we'll take it in our senior year."



The system of federal courts was the topic under discussion. Dr. — was trying to throw light upon the subject by means of his favorite method,—making the class feel their utter ignorance regarding everything. Miss X. had just added her mite, hoping to help break up the darkness. If she were caught smuggling, she said, she would be arraigned, not in a federal court, but in a police court. Another girl looked as though she had some vague views on the matter. "Well, Miss Y.," said Dr. — turning to her, "What has your experience been?"

J. W.

#### **GRINDS**

#### THE FACULTY

"Tis strange to see the humours of these men, These great aspiring spirits that should be wise."

E. J. S.—"I'm baith like to laugh and to greet To think o' her married at a'."

E. H. B.—"And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and smile."

W. T. B.—"On fire that glows
With heat intense,
I turn the hose
Of common-sense,
And out it goes
At small expense."

- P. E. B.—"His sober lips then did he softly part
  Whence of pure rhetoric whole streams did flow."
- H. J. B.— "And what and whence the wondrous charm That kept his manhood boylike still?"
  - A. C. "By degrees there crept A torpor over me,—in short, I slept."
  - G. N. C.—"Come not within the measure of my wrath."
  - H. E. C.—"Patience he hath, a necessary ingredient of genius."
  - J. B. C.—"I am the very pink of courtesy."
    - F. N. C.—"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
      As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
      That could be moved to smile at anything."

- H. A. C.—"I du believe in bein' this
  Or that ez it may happen,
  One way or t'other hendiest is
  To ketch the people nappin'."
- A. M. D.--"I pray you, sir, deliver with more openness your answers to my demands."
  - W. S. D.—-"A kind and gentle heart he had To comfort friends and foes."
- L. B. D.—"A lady very learned in stones, ferns, plants, and vermin."
- M. L. E.— "Short retirement urges sweet return"
  - F. H. G.— "A judgment stern, a piercing eye, And yet, withal, a kindly smile."
    - R. G.—"You will never run mad,— No; not till a hot January."
  - R. H.—"Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can, I fear not you, nor yet a better man."
  - W. A. H.—"But thou, with pleasant mien and face,
    Art always ready in thy place."
- J. H. H.—"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."
  - C. K.—"I'm a straight-spoken kind of creetur,

    That blurts right out what's in his head,

    And if I've one pecoolar feetur,

    It's a nose that won't be led."
- N. G. McC.—"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."
- G. C. D. O.—"Be frank and explicit. That is the right line to take when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse the minds of others."

C. H. P.—"What is a poet's love?—

To write a girl a sonnet,

To get a ring, or some such thing,

And fustianize upon it."

- E. D. P.—"So benevolent he would hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."
- R. C. R.—"I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny that persons are torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society."
- W. R. S.—"He was nor sad nor merry."
- J. H. R.—"For him the scroll of History was unrolled."
  - S. S. S.—"Some guid angel help him!

    He may do weel for a' he's done yet,

    But only he's no just begun yet."
  - C. L. S.—"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
    - W. R. S.—"Thou sayest an undisputed thing In such a solemn way."
  - H. T. V.—"Cut, and come again."
  - B. D. W.—"Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad."

### **GRINDS**

#### NINETEEN HUNDRED

- F. T. B. "I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American!"
- W. B. "What fears she endured in her fainting heart!"
- H. C. "How hard she studied it were vain to tell."
  - M. C. "For she was just the quiet kind Whose natures never vary."
- S. M. G.—"Industry is the road to wealth."
- M. L. G.—"As merry as the day is long."
  - E. K.—"With gentle yet prevailing force Intent upon her destined course."
- C. H. S.—"She has a comical way with her that fills our hearts with glee."
- F. L. K.—"She had a modest confidence that she would not lose her head."
- M. W. L.—"Whate'er that gal was sot to do, she done her level best."
- F. L.—"In her experience all her friends relied."
  - H. N.— "How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour."
- V. N.—"Newcomb, welcome!"
- F. O. "And wilt thou leave us thus? Say nay!"
  - S. B. R.—"Nowhere so besy a girl as she there was, And yet she seemed besier than she was."
- E. T. B. R.—"If I were only a boy, I'd be the happiest woman in the world."

- E. O.—"I know the dancin's nonsence; but if you stick at everything because it's nonsence, ye wonna go far in this world."
  - F. M. S.—"Alas for those that never sing, But die with all their music in them."
    - S. S.—"Friends that are new Are haply true."
- S. C. S. A case in point with 1900 where Turkey and Thanksgiving don't go together.
  - K. V. H. "Little I ask, my wants are few;I only wish a hut of stone,(A very plain brown stone will do.)"
- J. C. W.—"Not always smiling, but at least serene."
  - M. C. W.— "Oh listen with attention most profound, Her voice is but the shadow of a sound."
- J. W.—"I am nothing if not critical."
- M. O. "She was a wonder, and nothing less!"
  - S. F. K.—"There was a young lady and what do you think?

    She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.

    Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,

    And yet this young lady scarce ever was quiet."

### **GRINDS**

#### **MISCELLANEOUS**

S. G. W.—"Graceful and useful all she does."

N. W. L.—"She had a good opinion of advice."

E. M.—"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Economics I.—"They left the point they fought for undecided."

Rhetoric Department.—"Society for the Amelioration of Intellectual Conditions at Barnard."

Ninety-Nine.—"They are perfect: how else?—they shall never change."

F.—"I do desire we may be better strangers."

Greek VI.—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Mrs. Kelly.—"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."

Junior Ball.—"A Winter's Tale."

Lunch-room. — "Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get."

Choral Club.—"Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad thing Should certain persons die before they sing."

James and Willie.—"We are as two lambs that do frisk in the sun And bleat the one to the other."

The Teas.—"How fled the chocolate from the bowl!

How sank the whippéd cream!

They vanished like the shapes that float
Upon a summer's dream."

History IV.—"I stan' upon the Constitution."

Sophomores.—"Once more, be *quiet*: coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But steal softly on silent toe."

Rhetoric C Criticisms.—" Thet air's an argyment I can't endorse."

Consultations.—" My patient neighbor, next in line, Hints gently there are those who wait."

James' Psychology.—" Read you — perhaps — some other time."

The Library.—"With noise of trampling feet and flapping doors."

Examinations. — "Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell."

Subscribers to the Mortarboard. — "Some have greatness thrust upon them."



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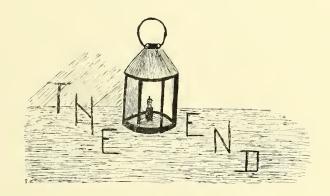
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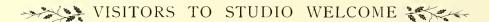
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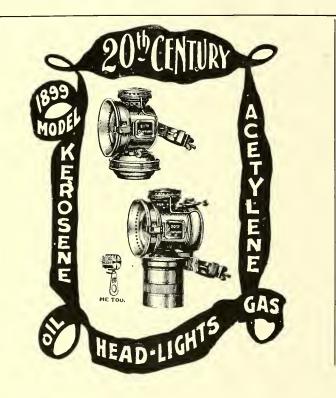
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